Are you ready?

Posted originally on the Archive of Our Own at http://archiveofourown.org/works/37828915.

Rating:	Teen And Up Audiences
Archive Warning:	Creator Chose Not To Use Archive Warnings
Category:	Other
Fandoms:	Hannibal (TV), Hannibal Extended Universe - Fandom, Polar (2019)
Relationship:	Will Graham/Duncan Vizla | Black Kaiser
Characters:	Will Graham, Duncan Vizla | Black Kaiser
Additional Tags:	Alternate Universe - High School, Young Will Graham, Young Duncan, Drunk Sex, High Sex, Recreational Drug Use, Genderfluid Character
Language:	English
Series:	Part 5 of Two Loners and a Baby
Stats:	Published: 2022-03-19 Words: 2,550 Chapters: 1/1

Are you ready?

by transcryptidone

Summary

The night Apricity was conceived :)

“Are you ready?” they ask, lying back in his bed and leaning against his pillows. They look him in the eye and smirk at him, seeing the flush that pinkens his cheeks and yet he *still* hardly lowers his guard. Before they met him, Will would think of themself as a fairly withdrawn person, but meeting Duncan made them realize just how closed off a person can be. Somehow, that’s made Will feel more open than ever before.

“If you are,” Duncan says, with his hair a little greasy and his five o’clock shadow looking like after midnight. Fair enough, it could be 2am by now.

Their dad goes to bed at precisely the same time every night as he wakes up at the same time every day and does the same sequence of events in the morning. He went to sleep and Will went out as they have before and he hasn’t ever lost a wink. Meanwhile, Duncan gets kept up all hours of the night when even staying in doesn’t mean he can avoid the party. Maybe that’s why the bags under his eyes look so heavy and why he always seems like he could slump in a chair and be content.

Will scoffs and gestures a hand in his direction as they say, “Just for that, give me the lighter.”

Duncan gives the blankets a few more pats to find out which lump is concealing the little lighter, the latest in a long line of little lighters. With the amount he must go through in a year, he could populate a whole little town of lighters. Once he’s found the latest and greatest, he reaches forward to hand it over, short shirt sleeve riding up to show the shape of the muscle in his arm. His fingers twist and flick as he turns the butt of the lighter towards Will like he might hand off a knife by offering the handle and holding on to the blade.

When Duncan leans forward, the neck of his shirt also hangs where it’s been stretched out, showing a bit of the chest hair that Will has learned covers a good bit of his chest. When Will plucks the lighter from his grasp, their other hand tugs at that the neckline of that shirt and pulls it towards a deeper v-shape as the tip of their finger tugs through one of the many holes that litter the fabric from top to bottom.

Duncan doesn’t have to be told when to not come close. His presence isn’t an overbearing one. He’s no brash brute trying to make a name for himself in high school. This won’t be the time in life when Duncan hits his peak. He’s handsome and mysterious and that won’t be fading anytime soon.

Will’s nails clack against the glass pipe as they bring it to their lips and the lighter flicks with the flick of their thumb. The flame catches, turning green to red and then black, and the smoke surges past their lips and across their tongue. Before they let that smoke any further down the back of their throat, they grip a hand at the back of Duncan’s neck and yank him forward. Breathing in just enough and then breathing out, right past Duncan’s lips and down his throat too. Will passes smoke from one mouth to the other, sharing the haze that smoke carries with it. Duncan takes it all; he’s no stranger to it.

“Okay,” Will sighs when the smoke has been spent and floated out from between the two of them. They set aside the glass pipe in favor of a glass cup that used to feel cold to the touch

but has since gone lukewarm. They raise their glass as they ask again, “Ready?”

Duncan picks up a bottle by the neck, wrapping his fingers around it firmly, a tight hold even as the liquid inside swirls. “Ready.”

Will keeps their eyes on Duncan as they bring their glass closer and closer to their lips. “Go.”

The taste that hits Will’s tongue isn’t their favorite necessarily, but that’s not the point. If they cared for flavor and taste first and foremost, they wouldn’t have let it go lukewarm and wouldn’t keep diluting the soda with more and more splashes of rum. When Duncan gave the glass to them, there was ice and everything and Will asked him if he was wining and dining them. The fried rice has been eaten, the empty take out boxes have been left behind on the bedside table with the ashtray, and Will tips their head back to let rum (and soda) rush past their tongue and down their throat without having to taste it too much.

Duncan hasn’t had it diluted at all but keeps up with each swallow. He likes to boast a high tolerance. He breathes in smoke from cigarettes all day and can inhale long and deep from his glass pipe without coughing. He drinks straight from the bottle without diluting it and never winces -- except the time Will brought dirt cheap vodka. In fairness, that stuff was pretty gnarly. But though Duncan boasts this tolerance and is both taller and broader, Will still does their best to go toe-to-toe with him.

The booze burns as it goes down and settles as a pooling warmth in their belly. They set an empty glass on the table with the rest of the odds and ends. Once their hands are free, they shift to settle lower in Duncan’s bed and, as their fingers have all the freedom to wander, they dip under the hem of their sweatshirt. Will follows the warmth that pools in their belly and then down the waistband of their sweatpants where nerves tingle and call out for touch. What smirk they might have had left goes slack a bit with a pleasant drunk and horny haze. Their cheeks burn and their fingers wander as they simply watch Duncan drain the rest of the bottle. *Show off.*

But Will can show off too and they don’t even have to go out of the way. They simply have to follow what touch feels best and where, pressing and stroking the way practice has taught them to do. Their belly tenses when they find just the right spot and air rushes out of them in what might be a whimper but gets drowned out by a surge of music blasted for the partygoers beyond Duncan’s bedroom. The flush of their cheeks burns hotter as they feel Duncan’s eyes on them and know he doesn’t miss a single detail.

As they keep pushing themself towards a precipice, he lies down next to them. Their eyes squeeze closed as their body tenses all except the frantic motions of their fingers and the flex and clench of their empty hole. Will doesn’t have to see him to sense him. They feel the way his body weight shifts the mattress. Will whimpers a little more as the tension in their muscles gives way to the deeply embedded and absorbed recollection of how it feels to have his body pressed down on top of them. His hands slip into their hair to weave into the strands for a better grip and they gladly turn their head when he guides them. Will lets him feel the vibrations of their whimpers against his lips as they kiss and Duncan hums as he kisses back harder.

The more kisses he bestows and pulls from them, the more they're drawn to him, leaving behind the building pleasure at their fingertips for the moment. They pull their hand out from underneath their waistband to curl messy fingers into Duncan's shirt instead. He doesn't seem to care at all about the mess or yank against his clothes. He just carries on kissing and kissing, encouraging the way Will turns on their side to face him more. He grabs at their waist, then spreads his hand wide against their lower back. And then when Will moans and grips roughly at the hair by the base of his skull, his hand gets grabby too, dipping under their waistband. His fingers press divots into their ass cheek.

Will has learned about their body alongside him, learned what feels best and when and how. They'd done some experimenting before they met him: light touches, curious explorations that usually didn't amount to much. With Duncan, they've learned things they maybe could have learned alone and things that could only be explored with another. When he kisses them with facial hair that scratches, they moan and sigh, shifting their thigh to better rub against the bulge of his cock straining against the zipper of his jeans. His stubble scratches against their lips and their cheeks and they shiver thinking of the scratch of it between their legs. When turned on enough, the prickle of their pubic hair cut short can be one thing, but the friction of his stubble combined with the flicks and lick of his tongue are a whole different level.

"Fuck," Will sighs as they break away for a gasping breath. While Duncan carries on kissing down their neck with an apparent lack of a need to breathe, Will's head spins. Though the bed stays steady underneath them, their world shifts and tilts as they let their head loll to the side. They sigh and whimper some more as Duncan sucks hard enough and long enough that they're sure to find purple bruises decorating the side of their throat in the morning. They don't care.

They'll wear the purple smudges on their throat like badges of honor. If eyes linger on the marks, it will be known that Will has someone who would do such a thing, someone who feels so riled up by Will that he'll be driven *wild.* They'll feel *wanted* and take pride in making sure others know that too. And when they look in the mirror and see just how many he's given them, they'll count them with wandering presses of fingers and appreciate the ache.

"More," Will demands, gripping their hand in his hair tighter and rubbing their thigh against his cock just to get him riled up. "Duncan, *more."*

Duncan grunts and the waistband of Will's sweatpants gets tugged below their ass. Will expects maybe a slap or a swat against their ass cheek. It wouldn't be the first time. On a couple nights not all that different from this one, they gave it a try. Just like tonight, Will moaned and begged for more. The sweatpants get yanked further down halfway to their knees and then Duncan is grunting and digging his elbow into a pillow to push himself upright. His hair swings free as he reaches to yank the fabric down to the bend of Will's knees and swings a bit more as the fabric pools at their ankles and then past them. Will simply watches, mesmerized by the swing like a pendulum ticking away time and motion.

Time quickens and slows. Like ebbs and flows of the tide and the lick of rapids against their waders, everything that had them gripping and grabbing suddenly has them lying back. They

dip their fingers under the sweatshirt Duncan hasn't yet peeled away and draw a line from their belly button to their nipple. Just for the sake of feeling how it feels. Will doesn't mind being at Duncan's mercy, spreading their legs when he nudges at one of their knees. The press of his body on top of them feels just as good as they'd remembered. Just like his fingers and just like his cock.

"Fuck me," Will demands, though they do nothing more than spread their legs. Duncan pushes his cock into a hole he fingered until slick and soaking so much that Will thought the mattress might end up with a wet spot. He'd opened Will up and slipped himself in all while Will laid back. And yet they demand more. *"Fuck me."*

Duncan sinks his cock in to the hilt and grunts as he drops down to brace his elbows by their ears. His voice is rough with ragged breaths as he rasps, "What do you think I'm doing?"

Will's smile blooms as their flush pinkens further and their nails drag up Duncan's back to scratch back down again. They laugh as the world gets another twist and shift, feeling themself sinking further into the blankets and pillows. Crushed under him, putty in his hands. They dig their nails into his back a little more and clench around his cock as he fills them. When he pulls out just to slam back in, Will might feel as if they're being shaped around him, the perfect fit for his cock. Another slam in and out and the bed frame slams against the wall. Over and over until there might be a mark left behind like the bruises on Will's throat.

"Let them hear it," Will murmurs, coaxing, goading. They want the bed banging so hard it can be heard over the music even at its loudest. They want Duncan to fuck them so hard it shakes the wall harder than the bass can thrum. Everyone grinding in the middle of the room or making out in some back corner has *nothing* on them. A moan is pulled from their throat with another thrust and they have to swallow back their spit before they can tug on their lure a little and demand a bit more: "Let them know how good you give it to me."

Air leaves Duncan in a rush, sending shivers across Will's skin and leaving goosebumps behind. The sensation ghosts across the sweat and bruises on their neck and rolls down like the drip of just one drop. Duncan's just as much of a sweaty mess, grunting with effort and groaning with pleasure. When he fucks in as hard and deep as he can, he groans right by their ear: "You feel *so good."*

"I know," Will soothes as they tuck his hair behind his ear. They sigh as their head tilts up and their eyes roll back, fingers slipping and dragging across the edge of his cheekbone, sharp as anything. "I know."

Duncan's body jolts and shifts as he moves to hold himself up with just one elbow instead of two. That hand is needed to take hold of Will by the edge of their jaw and bring them back for a kiss that's as sloppy and clumsy and wonderful as they are together. Will can still taste the smoke and the booze, as stale in their mouth as in Duncan's. It doesn't matter. Will kisses the taste of *gay rum* from his lips and the smoke they'd breathed into his mouth like air.

They kiss and they fuck and time loses meaning and everyone beyond Duncan's bedroom might as well have disappeared. They kiss and they fuck until pleasure crashes over them, leaving them soaked to the bone with hearts racing wild but somehow still both at the same pace. Their pulses find their peace and rhythm as they drift off to sleep in each others' arms.

Amongst the consequences that will greet them in the morning are a hangover and a broken condom...

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